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AMES' SERIES OF
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.
No. 255.

GERTIE'S VINDICATION.

(DOMESTIC DRAMA.)

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF
THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAREFULLY MARK-
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GERTIE'S VINDICATION.

A D R A M A ,

IN TWO ACTS,

—BY—

G. H. Pierce.

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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—O—



—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

1888

GERTIE'S VINDICATION.

PS635

Z9P616

—X—

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SAMUEL ATHERTON,..... *Who has seen better days.*
ABNER HARWOOD,..... *Young Barrister.*
JACK BREEZE,..... *A colored individual.*
GERTIE ADAMS,..... *An orphan.*
LEONORE MORRIS,..... *A busybody and everybody's friend.*
KATY AYLWARD,..... *From the Emerald Isle.*

—X—

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—1½ HOURS.

—X—

COSTUMES—MODERN.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

TMP 96-006866

Gertie's Vindication

—X—

ACT I.

SCENE I. MR. ATHERTON, or as he is more familiarly known as UNCLE SAM, is seated C., smoking and reading newspaper.

Sam. Wall, now if this don't beat all natur'! I never once thought it could be possible for J. Gould or any other human being, to swallow a whole railroad. But here it is in black and white, and the Globe man has interviewed him, and he admits he has gobbled up the Baltimore and Ohio entirely. What a miracle, to be sure! But I must see more about it! (*looking over paper*) Hullo! what's this I wonder, about a Scotch Thistle? Oh, yes, I see now! It's an account of the great International Yacht race and Volunteer wins. Wall now, I don't know as I should want to match any of our folks to build anything to run agin lightning, but for real grit and keen wit our true born Yankee boys hain't got their equal on this 'ere little globe.

Enter, JACK, hastily, L.

Jack. Golly mity, Massa! I tink I mos' broke my shins ober a big box sum fool let' right in de path, an' de fust ting I know out come a darn big brack dog. Yo' jes' bet dis chile cut sticks an' run! I jumped right ober de wall inter de road, whar'it's mighty nigh onter 'leben feet high, an' wid makin' free fo' leaps I lands at yo' door an' comes right in ter 'scape dat dog. He had hole of me free fo' seberal times somewhar behin'! (*partially turns; examines and finds large rent in pants*) But now, by golly, I'se rescued!

Sam. Yes, Jack, you are rescued sure enough; for none shall ever seek shelter and protection beneath this old roof in vain.

Jack. Golly, I thot so! You'se a brick, you is! I heerd de parson toder day say sumfin' 'bout de milk of human kindness flowin' in our bussums. If dat is so I tink yo' mus' be runnin' all ober wid it from head to foot.

Sam. What do you want to flatter me for? Justice needs no praise and should fear no frowns.

Jack. Golly, massa, you'se gettin' too deep fo' dis nigger, you is!

Sam. I've just been reading an account of the great yacht race between the Yankee Volunteer and Scotch Thistle—but like enough that don't interest you.

Jack. Well, it jes does now, all ober head an' ears! I'se hung roun' de corner store mos' ebry night to hear de white folks talk 'bout it. An' dat's jes' whar I'se been to-night when I had de scrimmage wid de darn ole dog.

Sam. Wal, here it is! (*reads*) "Volunteer wins; Boston's white winged beauty takes the first and second race, and the cup remains this side the water."

Jack. (*jumps about with joy, claps his hands and attempts to turn a summersault*) Well, bress de good Lo'd! now dat's mos' to good fo' anyting in dis world. (*imitates hauling ropes*) I s'pose dey lef' go de job downhaul an—an clew down de bob-stay an' out wid de fo' peke an—an splice de ma'n brace, an' den zip! awa' she goes like a streak ob grease lightenin' through a gooseberry bush!

Enter, ABNER, L.

Abner. Ah! Jack Breeze, you here?

Jack. Ya'as, boss, I'se here under very peculiar an' tryin' circumstances, ober which dis nigger hab no control.

Abner. Ha, ha! good for you, Jack! but go back to the office now and go to bed, and see that you are up in the morning and have the rooms warm.

Jack. Golly mighty, yes, boss! I fly! I'se noder Volunteer, I is!

Abner. And so, uncle, you have an account of the great race? (*runs out*)

Sam. Wal, yes. Gertie went and got me a paper, and I've read every word. Gosh all hemlock! wasn't that good enough?

Abner. Capital! but was there any poetry in your paper?

Sam. No, I reckon not; leastways I ain't seen any.

Abner. In the Globe there was a fine piece entitled, "Columbia's Ocean Pride." Here it is! I'll read a verse to you.

(*takes paper from pocket and reads*)

"See her proud rival pressing amid the sail flyers,
Their wings almost touch with two nation's desires;
"Volunteer is ahead!" shout the crowds on the lea,
And the shrill whistle screams for the flag of the free.
Home! Home! how they skim till the journey's completed,
And our Volunteer's prowess once more is repeated.
How they crowd round the victress, and give cheer on cheer,
For Boston's own darling, the brave Volunteer."

Sam. That's the thing! It does my old heart good when I think 'twas Yankee brains, Yankee pluck; and Yankee tars that done it. But I want you to come with me, squire, I've got something to show you.

(*exceunt, R.*)

Enter, GERTIE, L., sits C.

Gertie. How weary and fatigued I am feeling to-night. My constant routine of household cares and duties are weighing heavily upon me. Born and reared in the lap of luxury, I never knew care or sorrow while my dear parents lived. Oh, how much better had it been for my dear father had he never listened to the flattering tongue of his partner in business and thereby led into reckless speculation, which resulted in financial ruin. Poor father gave up everything to his creditors. Utterly broken down beneath the heavy burden, he went down prematurely to his grave, leaving mother and I naught but an honest name. We struggled on with

poverty as best we could. At length, completely worn out by care and anxiety, my mother too crossed over the cold river of death, and I am an orphan, alone in the world. I sometimes wish that I, too, might have gone with them and been at rest. But, no! I will not despair, but try to be content. (*looks off L.*) Here comes Leonore Morris! She appears to be my friend, but somehow there seems to be something about her that I do not like.

Enter, LEONORE MORRIS, L.

Leonore. My dear Gertie, how glad I am to see you!

Gertie. Thank you! I am always glad to meet a friend.

Leonore. You can count on me as your friend always. Indeed I'd do almost anything for you.

Gertie. I'm sure I feel very grateful for your kindness. Please be seated. (*gets chair*)

Leonore. (*seated*) Do you know I've called on purpose to invite you to our house to-morrow eve. All the aristocracy will be there, and I expect a very nice time.

Gertie. I thank you kindly, Leonore, but for various reasons I do not feel that I can possibly accept your kind invitation.

Leonore. Well now, really this is too bad! I had intended to introduce you to my set, so that you might have a chance to make an eligible match.

Gertie. I have no wish, Leonore, to intrude myself into any society that holds themselves above me socially.

Leonore. There's chances to better yourself, and I should think you would only be too glad to avail yourself of some one of them.

Gertie. Evidently you do not consider the position I occupy here as housekeeper for the kind old gentleman, Mr. Samuel Atherton. True, there's nothing dishonorable about it, and it affords me ample means of subsistence. My birth and parentage were of the very best; for them never a blush of shame will mantle my cheek.

Leonore. I so much wanted to show you the young man I intend to marry.

Gertie. Indeed! I did not know that you were engaged.

Leonore. I did not say that I was, but probably shall be before very long, as I intend to have Mr. Abner Harwood propose at his earliest convenience.

Gertie. Excuse me, but it seems to me it would be the better way to allow the young man to freely make his own choice.

Leonore. Well now, Miss Modesty, do you think I am fool enough to let so eligible a chance as this slip through my fingers? No, no! I dare say if you thought you had the least possible chance, you would resort to any means to catch him yourself.

Gertie. Never, never! Far sooner would I wander from door to door and humbly beg for a crust of bread to sustain life.

Leonore. (*rising*) Enough! We are friends no longer! I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, Miss Modesty!

(*exit, hastily, R., then looks cautiously in*)

Gertie. What have I done? Alas! I fear I have made an enemy of her. I will call her back and apologize! (*goes toward R., and stops*) No, I will not, for I have not done or said anything wrong; so she can go, and I will trust the result.

Enter, ABNER HARWOOD, L.

Abner. Ah! Good evening, Miss Adams. I hope a few moments call will not be disagreeable to you.

Gertie. Not in the least. I am feeling rather lonely and disconsolate to-night.

Abner. I am sorry, indeed I am, to find you thus dejected, and will gladly do anything to make you cheerful and happy.

Gertie. I thank you kindly, but suppose I must continue to plod on in the rough journey of life, friendless, unaided and alone.

Abner. Pardon me, Miss Gertie, but your sorrow has caused me to feel a very deep interest in you; and I feel sure you will forgive me if I speak plainly.

Gertie. Most assuredly.

Abner. I have met many ladies, young and fair. I respect them all, but never until you crossed my path of life, did I ever meet one that awoke the slumbering affections of my heart as you have done. I will not promise you, like Claude Melnotte, "a palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls from out a glossy bower of coolest foliage, musical with birds," but I will promise to you a true heart, with love and affection to anticipate your every wish.

Gertie. But, Mr. Harwood, this is all so premature and unthought of by me.

Abner. I freely admit it may seem so to you, but have I not known you for the last year? And have I not, in the presence of Mr. Atherton, heard the story of your life from your own lips?

Gertie. All that may be, but it's all so unexpected to me. Unused as I am to society, I might not come fully up to your expectations.

Abner. Never fear; just act your own dear self, and in my estimation you will be the brightest star in the whole galaxy of our fashionable society.

Gertie. I see how it is! You will not listen to any objections I may make, so I suppose I must tell you as you lawyers do your clients, "that I will take the subject under consideration, and let you know at my earliest convenience."

Abner. Thanks! About what time? Say to-morrow.

Gertie. I might not find time to look up all the evidence in so short a time, but will do the best I can.

Abner. Good; but there's one thing we lawyers never forget to ask for.

Gertie. And pray what is that?

Abner. A retainer. It's very important, you know.

Gertie. I guess your meaning and (*laughing*) I suppose you will not take the case without it. (*extends her hand which he kisses*

Abner. (*takes his hat from table*) With your permission I will call again to-morrow night. Please be merciful in your decision. Good night!

Gertie. Good night! Love conquers all things, you know.

Abner. What could I hope or wish for more?

(*kisses her; exit, C.*

Gertie. Of all things that ever occurred during my life, this is the most surprising!

(*exit, L.*

GERTIE'S VINDICATION.

7

Enter, R., LEONORE, who has been listening unobserved to all ABNER and GERTIE have said.

Leonore. Oh, the wretches! I believe I could throttle them both! If I could only involve her in some crime, before his own eyes, then I should be happy. But how shall it be done? (*meditating*) Good! I think I have it! I will go to Uncle Sam's room and abstract one or more of his bonds and secrete them in something that belongs to her. (*looks off R.*) The coast is clear! Uncle Sam is soundly sleeping. Now then, silence and celerity befriending me and we will see if "love conquers all things." (*goes out cautiously, R.*)

Re-enter, LEONORE, R. KATY looks in L., sees LEONORE, and listens.

Leonore. There! I have taken two or three bonds from Uncle Sam's desk, and, as fortune favored me, I found Gertie's travelling bag and lost but little time in thrusting them inside of it. The old man will miss them, search will be made, and they will be found among Gertie's effects. What evidence can possibly be more conclusive! And then, ah! then we shall see what Mr. Abner will do about it. Methinks it will be a long day before he will repeat his love tale in the willing ears of that innocent adventurer, the orphan Gertie! Oh! revenge! revenge is sweet! (*exit, R.*)

Enter, KATY, L.

Katy. By the powers of Killarney! If this don't bate all I've iver seen or known entirely, so it do! Shtop a bit now and let me see! Did I understhand the whole rigmarole that avil minded gal was saying so important-loike all alone to herself? An sure now she 'lowed she'd bin staling Uncle Sam's bonds and hiding 'em somewhere among Miss Gertie's things—and all for some avil purpose loikes—I don't jist understhand all her blab. But Katy won't forget she was up to some diviltiy, shure! Do ye moind that now?

(*exit L.*)

SCENE II.—Same as Scene 1st.

Enter, UNCLE SAM and ABNER, R.

Abner. Did you know, uncle, that to relieve the stringency of the money market, the secretary of the treasury has made a call for a certain class of U. S. bonds, and, if I remember rightly, yours come under the call.

Sam. I want to know! Wal, I'll go and bring them in a jiffy—you know I told you I wanted you to look after them for me.

(*exit, R.*)

Abner. Honest old soul, that! I wish we had more of them to bless our community. But that would utterly ruin my calling.

Re-enter, SAM, R., with bundle of papers.

Sam. There they are, squire! Look them over to see if they are all right.

Abner. (*looking at them and talking*) Yes, these all come under the call. Let me see! Here are eight of them for one thousand dollars each.

Sam. Eight? Count them again, squire, there ought to be ten.

Abner. (*counting*) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—there certainly are but eight.

Sam. Wal now, that beats all nature! I certainly had ten!

Abner. And you have made no disposition of the two?

Sam. No.

Abner. Has any person or persons had access to your room?

Sam. Nobody that I know of except Gertie.

Abner. (*aside*) This reminds me that Miss Morris told me to keep a good look out for her. (*aloud*) They could not have been mislaid, I suppose?

Sam. Oh, no! I had them all tied up together and put in my desk.

Abner. Do you suppose Gertie would have taken them?

Sam. Never! You must be crazy to think or even dream of such a thing! Why, she's just as honest as mortal can be!

Abner. We don't always know.

Sam. (*excited*) Wal, I just make out to know about that airgal, and I don't want you to surmise any sich thing; because Satan himself couldn't put me agin her!

Abner. It seems useless to talk about it. Suppose we make a search for them. Is Gertie in?

Sam. No, she's gone over to help a sick neighbor this afternoon.

Abner. So much the better. You can search your own premises without a warrant.

Sam. Wal, we'll go!

(*exit both, R.*)

Enter, KATY and LEONORE, L., in street dress.

Katy. Och, whist yer blarney now! D'ye think ye're going to make me disbelave what I see wid me own eyes, an hear wid me own ears? Not much, I guess not! Ye don't know Katy Aylward if ye think the loikes or that of her.

Leonore. Certainly not, Katie! I was only saying you were a girl of too good sense to make public any such trifling affair, especially as it does not at all concern the public.

Katy. Trifling affair, is it? to stale somebody's paper or bonds or something of the loikes, and hide thim away wid some other body's things? I calls it no trifling affair, but a rale mean, dirty piece of work, so I do!

Leonore. Oh, well, we won't say anything more about it. You probably heard me saying over some of my part in the last play we had. That was all there was to it, Katy!

Katy. It might be! (*aside*) But I still think it was a rale, dape earnest part she was playing to ruin Miss Gertie. (*aloud*) Well, good day! I must go to me home now. Don't be alarmed! Katy won't do or say anything wrong, not if she knows it! she won't, indade!

Leonore. Thank you! Good night; but remember, Katy, it was nothing but the play, you know! (*exit, KATY, L.*)

Enter, SAM and ABNER, R.

Sam. (*excitedly*) And so, as I was saying, squire, it can't be possible! Hullo, company!

Leonore. Excuse me, but I've been almost everywhere looking for you, Mr. Harwood. Father wishes to see you in relation to a case he has in court.

Abner. Thank you! Tell him I will be there within an hour.

Leonore. You can't go now, then? Oh, I see how it is! You must stop and take leave of Miss Gertie. She told me not an hour ago that she was going away; that she had ample means of subsistence without making a slave of herself here.

Abner. Indeed!

Leonore. Well, *au revoir!* I suppose I shall see you shortly at our home. (*exit, L.*)

Abner. Well, uncle, the evidence is conclusive, is it not?

Sam. No, 'tis not! I tell you there's something wrong here! Gertie never done it.

Abner. It's indeed hard and cruel for me to think so. But what are we to think? We find the missing bonds among her effects, and she tells her friends that she is going away, as she has ample means of subsistence.

Sam. (excited) Fire and furies! I'm getting desperate, squire, but I'll tell you what it is—I'll be darned if I think I'd hardly believe that Gertie took 'em knowingly, if she told me so herself!

Abner. I'm afraid you are too credulous and charitable, uncle. *(looks off L.)* But here she comes herself. Now we will see how she will appear.

Sam. Wal, I'm glad on't; and I'll just bet you a ninepence she don't know anything more about it than you or I do.

Enter, GERTIE, L.

Gertie. Oh, don't you think, uncle—Ah! here is Mr. Harwood! Glad to see you, sir! Well, as I was saying, Mrs. Florence seems ever so much better to-day.

Sam. Wal, I'm glad on't. The old woman's been pretty sick, and I guess she'd died if it hadn't been for you.

Gertie. Oh, I haven't done very much for her—not near as much as I intend to, with your permission.

Abner. Then you don't intend to go away?

Gertie. I go away? *(laughing)* Well, yes, I suppose I shall go away sometime—when my good old friend here gets ready to turn me adrift.

Abner. (aside to SAM) How well she dissembles! I would not have thought it possible in one so apparently innocent and guileless.

Sam. (aside to ABNER) Oh, darn it! I can't stand any more of this. You are making a fool of yourself, Squire. I tell you the gal is as innocent as an angel and I won't hear another word from you. (*exit, R.*)

Abner. Miss Adams, I believe there comes a time in the lives of all men when plain, honest words are best to be spoken.

Gertie. I believe it best under any circumstances.

Abner. You are doubtless well aware of the fact that your kind friend and benefactor, Uncle Sam, has a certain number of U. S. bonds which he has hitherto kept in his own room?

Gertie. No, sir; I was not aware of that fact.

Abner. Oh, then you did not know it! And pray, may I ask if you knew that a number of them had been lost—shall I say—stolen!

Gertie. Mr. Harwood, what do you mean to insinuate? Do you mean to infer that you think me base enough to rob my best friend? Why, I am astonished beyond measure!

Abner. And so am I! But the evidence seems conclusive

Gertie. Evidence! What evidence?

Abner. Why the missing bonds were found in your possession!

Gertie. (*indignant*) Impossible, sir! Why, I never saw a U. S. bond in my life.

Abner. Do not, I beg of you, add perjury to your other crimes.

Gertie. (*angrily*) Enough, sir! I am not guilty of any crime.

Abner. It looks very much like it. You tell your friend you are going away; the missing bonds are found in your travelling bag, and no other person has had access to Uncle Sam's room.

Gertie. It is false! I have not even thought of going away, and if any bonds have been found among my effects, they were placed there by some designing person.

Abner. Be assured I did not want to believe it, but facts, you know, are stubborn things.

Gertie. Oh, yes, I dare say! This, then, is your implicit trust and confidence in me; and this your ceaseless love and devotion! Do not think to crush me, sir, I am made of sterner stuff! Now, sir, all that remains for me is to say farewell forever. But permit me, e'er I go, to assure you, sir, that sometime and somehow in the future, in God's own good time, you will know, what I do now most solemnly repeat—I am innocent!

(*impressively*)

END OF ACT I

ACT II.

SCENE I.—As curtain rises, UNCLE SAM is walking the stage

Sam. Wal, I can't say I've got over it yet, the way poor Gertie was treated! That rash young lawyer fairly drove her off. There's one thing about it—if I'd known she had any idea of going, I'd kept her if I'd had to tie her! And if that rascal had ever put his foot inside this house again to insult her, I'd booted him out, I would, by jingo! Blast him! I don't think half as much of him as I did before all this crooked, devilish work, and I never shall again. He ought to remember that it's better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so. I have never been happy since she went away. To be sure Katie does very well in her place, but my land, she is so awkward and green, and is always asking, "av ye plaze, sir, shall I do this, that or the other?" Now, there was Gertie, she knew how to do everything, in fact did everything in her power to make everybody about her cheerful and happy.

Enter, JACK, L.

Jack. I thought, uncle, yo' might like ter see sumbody if it was only a po' niggah.

Sam. Yes, Jack, I am glad to see you! How's your master, the squire? Gosh darn him!

Jack. Oh, he's live an' kickin'! I—I kinder reckon yo' don altogether tink bery much ob him.

Sam. I guess not, after the way he treated poor Gertie. You tell him to come here, I want to see him bad. I'll tell him more common sense than he ever knew; and if he ain't pretty civil I'll give him the toe of my old boot.

Jack. Ya'as, boss, I'll tole him. But I tink he'll be mighty shy how he comes here if he knows what yer say 'bout him. Mighty little time he has for anything but jes' ter ten' ter dat Morris gal. Golly, deys thicker dan hasty puddin', dey is!

Sam. I want to know if she has caught him at last?

Jack. Shure as yo's born, boss! I ain't tellin' yo' no lies. When he ain't ober to her house she'll be to de office bodderin' an' foolin' roun' all day long. An' toder day she cum ober dar, an' massa, he sent me off down to Duxbury to fetch up de hoss he's had out to pasture. He jes' gib me de spondulix ter pay 'spences, an' when I got dar I felt awful sharkish. So I jes' went into de big hotel to get dinner, an' by mighty! there I see Miss Gertie waitin' on de table.

Sam. (*astonished*) The devil! Did she know you? Did you speak to her?

Jack. Golly! Ya'as; she knowed me in lessen no time, an' she come way roun' whar I was an' spoke to dis chile. De fus' ting she wanted to know how yo' was an' how you'se gettin' 'long.

Sam. Bless her dear heart!

Jack. She didn't say one darn word 'bout de squar. Made me promise ter let her know if yo' was sick anytime, an'—an'—by golly! she made me promise not to let anybody know whar she was an' here I'se been an' tole yo' almos' 'fore I knowed it!

Sam. Wal, never mind, Jack, it's all right with me! I must go and see about this. (*exit, UNCLE SAM, L.*)

Enter, KATY, R.

Jack. Hallo, Irishy!

Katy. Hallo, nager!

Jack. You'se complimentary, yo' is! S'pose I am brack, what ob dat? Guess my heart is 'bout as white as any Irisher!

Katy. Shure now, it's a pity ye couldn't whiten out yer skin ter compare wid yer inside fixin's! (*advances playfully toward JACK*) Now, Jack, I'll tell you truly what ye better be afther doin'.

Jack. Wal, what is it?

Katy. Well, jist you be afther gettin' some perline, some soapine and some ivorine, rub it all over your body, put on a little whale oil to soften it up and then hang yourself out on the clothes line for three or four days and nights to blache out loike.

Jack. (*angrily*) Golly mighty! If yer wasn't a female I'd lay ye out to dry, so I would, so you'd lay dar till twenty-seben hundred an' ninety leben, if Gabul didn't blow his horn 'fore dat time!

Katy. Och! Whist now, Jack, don't be afther gettin' mad! I was marely jokin' wid ye.

Jack. Jokin', is it? Mebbe den yer was jokin' de udder night when I met yo' wid dat big bog trotter an' said, "Dar goes dat dirty brack nager," an' he, big fool, was spoutin' way someting 'bout "po' sufferin' Irelan'!" Now why in de debble if Irelan's sufferin' so much, don't the Irishmen all pitch right in an' fight it out an' git der freedom same's we niggahs had ter under Massa Linkum.

Katy. An shure, Jack, you's axed me too much. Indade, shure I am if I was a man, I'd be ready at an hour's warnin' to fight fur the mother country and aqual rights!

Jack. Guess you would, not by a darn sight!

Katy. Be the holy powers, I would now! I'd shoulder arms, (*imitating with broom*) right shoulder, shift arms, forward march and charge bayonets! (*hits JACK with broom at "charge bayonets"*).

Jack. Now yo' jes' look heah! I'se stood 'bout all de darn non sense I'se gwine ter from yo'. I'se got jes' one mo' offer I'se gwin ter make yo'.

Katy. Out wid it thin and not be afther kaping me waitin'.

Jack. If yo'll dress up smart an' go wid me to de show to-night, I—I'll gibe yer a new gown, dasher too! Dat ar' one ye got on is too small figured, dull color, cheap stuff, an'—an' I don't blebe 'twill wash.

Katy. Away wid ye, ye black debble!

(*hitting him with broom as he goes out, L.*)

Enter, UUCLE SAM, R.

Sam. What's the trouble here, Katy?

Katy. And shure that black nager was afther insultin' me!

Sam. Served him right if you'd knocked him down!

Katy. If I'd had a shellalah I'd knocked him down!

Sam. He brought me news from Gertie.

Katy. Indade! And where is the swate crathure?

Sam. I must not tell.

Katy. A burnin' shame it was that she was drove off.

Sam. Right you are! But by the living jingo! that young scamp shall pay for it!

Katy. I'm not shure but that I know somewhat about that staling business.

Sam. How so?

Katy. It was the loikes of this. One day I come to see Gertie, but she was not here. Just as I comes in this door that Morris gal was jist going into your room, and in a few minutes out she comes. I jist shepped to the other door so she couldn't see me and thin she said the greatest rignmarole all to hersilf 'bout staling your bonds and hidin' 'em 'mong Miss Gertie's things, and—and—oh, lots more 'bout your missing 'em and finding 'em mong Gertie's things; and—I don't know—a hape more of the loikes.

Sam. Thunder and guns! Why didn't you tell me of this before?

Katy. Well, you see it was this way. I saw her afterwards and she tould me she was only saying over part of a play she'd been in.

Sam. Oh, the base designing hussy! But she shall pay for it! (*looks out*) Now, Katy, go; that young devil of a lawyer is coming, and I might say things to him that you won't like to hear.

(*exit, KATY, R.*)

Enter, ABNER, L.

Abner. You sent for me, uncle, did you?

Sam. Don't uncle me! Yes, I sent for you. I wanted to tell you what a mean, dirty piece of business you'd been into. By mighty! 'Twas wicked!

Abner. What do you mean?

Sam. Mean? Didn't you drive poor Gertie off? Didn't you say she stole my bonds, even after she told you she didn't? You really ought to be horse-whipped!

Abner. She did steal them. It was only the truth.

Sam. (*angrily*) You lie! and if you tell me that again I'll have satisfaction out of your hide!

Abner. This is impertinence, sir!

Sam. Call it what you like! It don't hold a candle to your devilish work! Now just to make you feel real good I'll tell you that just as soon as I'm rid of you, I am going to have Leonore Morris arrested for stealing my bonds--and I can prove she did it, too!

Abner. Are you insane?

Sam. Insane or not, before to-night she'll be occupying a prison cell!

Abner. (*aside*) What can he mean?

Sam. As soon as your charmer is locked up I'm going to bring Gertie back to be a lady, and keep Katy to do the work. And when I go to my last accounts I shall leave my money to Gertie.

Abner. (*aside*) Evidently he has made some discovery or is really insane. (*aloud*) I'll take my leave now, but will see you again when you are more reasonable.

Sam. Good riddance! Go to your Leonore, and if you get there before I do, tell her to look out for the officer, for I swear to you he'll be there within an hour! (*exit, ABNER L.*) Gosh all hemlock! I'll fix his flint for him, all fired quick, too! (*exit, R.*)

Enter, JACK, R.

Jack. Fo' mighty sake! what am gwine on? Met Uncle Sam runnin' like de bery debble! I hollered at him, didn't take bit ob notice on me. 'Specs he's got kinder loony like. Hope he won't go an' frow himself inter de ribber. He's been kinder kranky eber since Gertie went away. Golly, she'll be back pooty soon! Ole man's sent fo' her ter come right off-suah!

Enter, KATY, R.

Katy. Top av the mornin' to ye, Master Jack! Come yez in pace or come yez in war?

Jack. Not much! I'se come to fin' de squar', but don' seem ter foun' him!

Katy. He was jist afther laving awhile ago.

Jack. I'll go bobbin' roun'; 'spec mebbe I foun' him somewhar!

Katy. Say, Jack, are you going to the show?

Jack. None yer darn business! Un'erstan' dat? (*exit R.*)

Katy. The nager's mad! Well, small odds to me onnyhow!

Enter, GERTIE, L., with wraps on.

Gertie. Why, Katy, how do you do? (*shakes hands*) I'm glad to see you!

Katy. Faith now, it's glad I am to see yez!

Gertie. Where is Mr. Atherton? And how is he?

Katy. He's jist afther going out somewhere an hour ago.

Gertie. He sent for me in haste. I thought he was sick. Well, I'll step into the other room and lay off my things. (*exit, L.*)

Katy. Bless her dear heart! She's just as purty and good as iver! If we have any angels on airth she is one, shure!

Re-enter, GERTIE, L.

Gertie. How familiar everything looks in the dear old room.

Katy. Do yez know Uncle Sam must have ivery blissed thing kipt exactly as ye left it.

Gertie. Dear, kind old man, isn't he, Katie?

Katy. Indade he is, now! I niver knew his aqual. Ah! here he comes his own silf!

Enter, UNCLE SAM, R., rather overcome to see GERTIE.

Gertie. (*advances and takes his hand*) Dear uncle, how glad I am to see you!

Sam. Oh, Gertie! I am thankful that I've lived to see this day, and to see your honor completely vindicated. Why, I could almost dance and shout for joy. The spirit is willing but the tarnal flesh is weak.

Katy. I think I'll be afther laving before I get overwhelmed intirely. (*exit, L.*)

Gertie. Vindicated! Can it be possible? But how?

Sam. Wal, you see, Katie told me only this morning what she heard Leonore Morris say in this very room. I've just been and had her arrested for stealing my bonds. She was, oh, so haughty at first, but when she got to the station, she broke down completely and made a full confession of everything.

Gertie. Heaven be praised! I felt assured that sometime a merciful providence would not fail to reward honest virtue and punish vice. But please, uncle, do not punish her too severely. She is young and thoughtless.

Sam. She is in the hands of the law. That hot-headed young lawyer was the prize she was playing for and I suppose she came awful near getting him too!

Gertie. Indeed!

Sam. (*persuasively*) Gertie, if he comes coaxing round you again I should advise you to be about as cool as an iceberg in zero weather.

Enter, JACK, L.

Jack. Well, bress de Lawd! How is you, Miss Gertie?

(*business*)

Gertie. Quite well, Jack, and you are looking well,

Jack. Fus' time in my life a white angel eber tole dis niggah he looked well. Golly! I mos' forgot what I come fo'. (*scratches his head*) I hab 'em! Squar sent me to see if you'd 'low him ter call an' see yo', uncle?

Sam. Wal, yes, he can come, but if he ain't civil, I'll choke him!

Jack. Tink he won't trubble yo'! He's all broke up dis day.

(*exit, JACK, L.*)

Gertie. I don't want to see him now, uncle.

Sam. I don't want you to see him at all, unless he's met with a change of heart.

Gertie. Then I will go and have a talk with Katie. (*exit, L.*)

Sam. Now we will see how Mr. Importance will take and feel. 'Taint no use talking, there's no one man knows it all. It made me so mad to hear him talk. I couldn't tell him one single thing. And now he's got to take it all back or I'll never have anything more to do with him.

Enter, ABNER, L.

Abner. I've come, uncle, to humbly beg your parnon for all the trouble I have caused you.

Sam. You've done wrong, squire, devilish wrong, and I told you so all the time.

Abner. I know it now and am sorry, and will do anything in my power to make ample reparation.

Sam. If you are really sorry for what you have done, and will make suitable apologies to Gertie, I'll overlook it this time. But, by the living jingo! if you ever insult that girl again, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life, if I'm able to do it!

Abner. Never fear, uncle, experience has taught me a valuable lesson, and I shall not fail to profit by it. Jack tells me that Gertie is here. Could I see her for a few moments?

Sam. Wal, I don't know whether she will see you or not. I'll ask her! (*going L., then turns*) Now, if she does consent to see you, mind, young man, what you are about! (*exit, UNCLE SAM, L.*)

Abner. I very much regret the part I've played in this blundering affair, but even now I can say I was honest. The whole thing only proves to my mind that circumstantial evidence, however plain, is not always to be relied on.

Enter, GERTIE, L., with dignity.

—Your pardon, Miss Gertie, but I'm delighted to see you!

(*extends his hand, which she does not take*)

Gertie. Miss Adam, if you please. Excuse me, sir, but after all that has passed I cannot feel justified in taking your hand even in friendship.

Abner. Pardon me, I meant no offense. What is past, is past; but surely there's a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent or the energy to atone. To err is human: to forgive, is divine.

Gertie. You should not have been so hasty.

Abner. That I freely admit, but appearances were against you, and I, not knowing your true worth and honesty, believed all. That was my one grievous fault, for which I do most bitterly repent and for which I hope to atone by a lifetime of true devotion.

Gertie. What assurance have I, sir, should I freely forgive you, that you would not with the first foul breath of calumny that might reach your ears, rudely cast me off again.

Abner. By all my brightest hopes here or hereafter, I swear to you on my bended knee (*kneels*) eternal trust, devotion and love.

Gertie. Enough, sir; I believe and forgive you.

Enter, UNCLE SAM, L. ABNER rises.

Sam. So do I! (*takes his hand*) As I was coming in I heard what you just said. The right stuff is in you after all. But let me tell you that for all coming time, don't you ever doubt one single word that dear girl tells you.

Abner. Never a single word, uncle!

Sam. I should not have come in now, but Leonore Morris is coming here to plead with us for mercy.

Gertie. Oh, admit her, please, uncle!

Sam. Wal, just as you say!

Enter, JACK, R.

Jack. (*bows*) Ladies an' gemmans, Miss Morris is at de door, an' wants ter know, can she come in.

Sam. Show her in, Jack!

Jack. (at door) Right dis way, missus!

Enter, LEONORE, R., kneels to GERTIE.

Leonore. Gertie, can you ever forgive me for the cruel wrong I have done you?

Gertie. (takes her by the hand and raises her) Freely, Leonore, freely.

Leonore. (turns to ABNER) And you, sir; most sincerely do I regret having so basely deceived you.

Abner. Say no more. I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven.

Leonore. (takes UNCLE SAM's hand) Dear kind old man, please do a noble act and forgive a poor, weak girl.

Sam. Not another word! I won't appear against you in court. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Go in peace and sin no more.

Leonore. I thank you all. If I live, my life's best efforts shall prove to you how well I thank you. (exit, L.

Jack. Golly mighty! Dis am mos' too much fo' dis niggah!
(covers his face with his cap)

Enter, KATY, R.

Katy. Av yez plaze, sir, supper is all waitin'.

Sam. Lay the table for all present. But stay one moment. We all wish to thank you, Katie, for your goodness and honesty.

Katy. Don't mention it at all, at all. I've done only my duty.

Sam. Wal, since all our unhappy differences have been so amicably settled, let's forget the unhappy past and live only for the blissful future.

Abner. Agreed! But first, there's a little question that we our friends must ask, and Gertie, you'll oblige me if you'll perform the task.

Gertie. Have our humble efforts pleased you? (to audience) If so, why then we are content, with every indication that you approve our best intent for "Gertie's Vindication."

ARRANGEMENT OF CHARACTERS.

R.
KATY.

SAM.

GERTIE

ABNER.

L.
JACK.

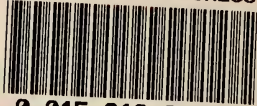
CURTAIN.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M	F	NO.		M	F
FARCES CONTINUED.							
72	Deuce is in Him.....	5	1	23	Thirty-three Next Birthday..	4	2
19	Did I Dream It.....	4	3	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
42	Domestic Fidelity.....	1	1	213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	5	3
153	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0	151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	5	When Women Weep.....	3	2
148	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3	1	56	Wooing Under Difficulties.....	5	3
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8
224	fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1	135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law..	2	1	147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2
154	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	153	Why they Joined the Re- beccas.....	0	4
184	Family Discipline.....	0	1	111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs..	5	3	157	Yankee Peddler.....	7	3
13	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.			
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1	204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0
116	Hash.....	4	2	15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1
120	H. M. S. Plum.....	1	1	172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2
103	How Sister Pacey got her Child Baptized.....	2	1	98	Black Statue.....	4	2
50	How She has Own Way.....	1	3	222	Colored Senators.....	3	0
140	How He Popped the Quest'n.	1	1	214	Chops.....	3	0
74	How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4	2	145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1
35	How Stort Your Getting.....	5	2	190	Crimps Trip.....	5	0
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend...	2	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes.....	5	3	230	Hanlet the Dainty.....	6	1
11	John Smith.....	5	3	153	Haunted House.....	2	0
99	Jumbo Jum.....	4	3	24	Handy Andy.....	2	0
82	Killing Time.....	1	1	236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0
192	Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1	3	77	Joe's Visit.....	2	1
127	Lick Skillet Wedding.....	2	2	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2
228	Lunderbach's Little Surprise	3	0	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
106	Lodgings for Two.....	3	0	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
139	Matrimonial Bliss.....	1	1	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems...	3	0
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law..	2	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
235	More Blunders than one.....	4	3	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
69	Mother's Fool.....	6	1	109	Other People's Children...	3	2
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.....	7	4	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2	0
153	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt.....	1	1	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3	0
23	My Heart's in Highlands.....	4	3	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
208	My Precious Betsey.....	4	4	117	School.....	5	0
212	My Turn Next.....	4	3	133	Seeing Bosting.....	3	0
32	My Wife's Relations.....	4	4	179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
196	My Day and Now-a-Days.....	0	1	94	15,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
44	Obedience.....	1	2	25	Sport with a Sportsman...	2	0
33	On the Sly.....	3	2	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down...	2	0
217	Patent Washing Machine....	4	1	61	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
165	Pers cut a Dutchman.....	6	3	122	The Select School.....	5	0
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2	3	118	The Popeorn Man.....	3	1
159	Quiet Family.....	4	4	6	The Studio.....	3	0
171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
180	Ripples.....	2	0	4	Town's Dodging.....	3	1
48	Scalaps.....	1	1	197	Tricks.....	5	2
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	0	5	118	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3	170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2	216	Vice Versa.....	3	1
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2	206	Villains and Dinah.....	4	1
157	Taking the Census.....	1	1	210	Virginia Mun my.....	6	1
40	That Mysterious P'dle.....	2	2	203	Who Stole the Chickens....	1	1
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2	205	William Tell.....	4	0
121	The Cigarette.....	4	2	136	Wig-Maker and His Servants	3	0
101	The Naming Man.....	3	1	GUIDE BOOKS.			
107	The Ham Out.....	3	2	17	Hints on Elocution.....		
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	130	Hints to Amateurs.....		
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2				

NEW PLAY Recently

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250. Festival of Days. A series of Tableaux, by Ida M. Buxton, representing the memorial days of the year. Just the thing for an evening's entertainment, as it is easily produced, requiring no scenery. Time of performance, one hour.

251. Millie, the Quadroon; or, Out of Bondage. A drama in 5 acts, by Lizzie M. Elwyn. 6 males, 5 females; the greatest success of the season. This drama is replete with fine situations and unlooked for developments. Mirth and sadness are well combined—something after the style of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," representing scenes in the South before slavery was abolished. Co-tunes modern. Time of production, 2 hours.

252. That Awful Carpet-Bag. An original farce, in 3 scenes, by Ad H. Gibson. 3 males, 3 females. Scene in a hotel; a widow and old maid, whose curiosity gets them into embarrassing situations. Irish character immense. Time 30 minutes.

253. The Best Cure. An ethiopian farce in 1 act, by C. F. Ingraham. 4 male, 1 female—exceedingly funny farce. A darkey who was cured of imaginary illness—the "cure" will be appreciated by all lovers of fun. Time, 30 minutes.

254. Dot, the Miner's Daughter; or, One Glass of Wine. A temperance drama, in 3 acts, by Lizzie M. Elwyn, author of "Millie, the Quadroon." 9 males, 5 females. This is the most popular temperance play written since "Turn of the Tide" was published. Characters all equally good; two negro characters, Ebony and Hapzibah, which are immense, and keeps an audience in a continuous uproar. Costumes, modern. Time, 2 hours.

255. Gertie's Vindication. A domestic drama, in 2 acts, by G. H. Pierce. 3 males, 3 females. A thoroughly good moral play, showing the truth of the old saying, "Honesty is the best policy." Jack, the negro, and Katy, the Irish girl, are both exceedingly good and will keep an audience convulsed with laughter. Costumes, modern. Time, one and one-half hours.

256. Midnight Colic. A sketch in one scene, by D. E. Allyn. 2 males, 1 female. A most laughable sketch that will please every one. Time of production, thirty minutes.

257. Caught in the Act. Comedy in 3 acts, by Newton Chisnell. 7 males, 3 females. This comedy is a favorite in the profession, and will take well with amateurs—is full of fun, dialogue is sparkling—not a dull speech from beginning to end. Time of production is about 2 hours.



MILLIE; THE QUADROON. A new Drama, just published from the author's original manuscript, it is immense, and will give the best of satisfaction to an audience. The scene is laid in the south before slavery was abolished. The play is very much after the style of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Send for a copy. Only 15 cents.



MIDNIGHT COLIC. A Laughable Sketch in one scene. This Sketch with Millie; the Quadroon, will make an evening's entertainment that will please any audience. 15c.



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